

ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

Dances and Debates Divide Time of Society

DEAR SUSAN:

The week has gone by in a whirl, and the impression left on my mind is a kaleidoscopic jumble of dances and debates, political and social, with a few particularly interesting events—for instance, Lillian Birney's wedding and the benefit for the British-American war relief fund—standing out in sharp relief.

Whenever two or three are gathered together the chief topic of conversation is, of course, the President's return, the question of what he has to say in favor of the League of Nations, and the equally important question of what certain Senators and certain Congressmen—and a good many people more or less certain—have to say against it. In consequence, seats in the Senate gallery are at a premium, and during one of the busy weeks of the winter society folk have been slipping up to the Capitol to hear the speeches pro and con on the League of Nations—so far, it must be admitted, they've been mostly of the "con" variety—with a crescendo of interest up to the speeches of Senator Lodge on Friday and Senator Knox on Saturday.

Women of Embassies Through Galleries, Too.

Not only our own official women but women from the embassies and the war mission thronged the galleries, along with Cabinet officers' wives and the wives of bureau chiefs, not to mention innumerable less important persons.

Among the most regular attendants at the Senate gallery have been Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, whose husband doesn't want to be Senator, thinking he can have more fun in the House, and Mrs. Medill McCormick, whose husband graduated into the Senate last week. Those two frequently hunt in couples, but on Wednesday night Mrs. McCormick had to go to Indianapolis and left lamenting that she did not see how she could get back in time to hear Senator Lodge on Friday.

And I saw Lady Willert there on the day when Senator James Hamilton Lewis spoke in defense of the President's program. She was accompanied by Colonel Sparkes, C. M. G., who had just arrived in Washington—his first visit from active service overseas, and upon whom impressions were crowding so thick and fast that one wondered how he would ever be able to untangle them. He is little Paul Willert's godfather, Colonel Sparkes' chaperone—cicerone, either or both—was anxiously looking forward to the return of her husband, Sir Arthur Willert, whom she had not seen since they acquired "handles" to their names.

Sir Arthur, who has been correspondent for the London Times here for ten years or more, and who is regarded as Lord Northcliffe's right hand man, was knighted among the New Year honors, and was abroad covering the peace conference at the time the news was made known. He got back the last of the week, coming over on the Aquitania with the British Ambassador and Lady Reading and the new aerial attaché of the British embassy—I wonder just what sort of duties an aerial attaché will have—Brig. Gen. Lionel E. O.



MISS AVIS HUGHES,
Daughter of Major and Mrs. Rupert Hughes.

Charlton. I'm finding it a bit difficult to get used to Lady Willert's new title and am quite likely to address her as "Mrs. Lady Willert" before I'm through, but that, as Mr. Kipling says, "is another story."

Capital Audiences Still Coldly Apathetic.

The influx of new blood has done something toward warming up Washington's proverbially cold audiences; but apparently it has had slight effect on the street crowds. The news of the signing of the armistice did most beside themselves with enthusiasm, but, although the streets were thronged for the parade on Thursday, the crowd was distinctly apathetic. The President's reception was only mildly warm and whenever I heard shouting with real steam behind it I discovered that it came from a group of negroes cheering the men of their own race.

As for the parade—well, perhaps the feelings it stirred up were too deep to be expressed in noisy demonstration. Certainly one could not feel choked with emotion at the sight of the banner commemorating "The Boys We Left Behind Us" and the little cortege following the caisson with the burden of blood-red tulips, bringing to mind Flanders fields, "where poppies blow between the crosses, row on row,"—and the always pitiful riderless horse with the empty boots in the stirrups.

Administration Dance Opens the Week.

The week's gaieties—to get back to something of more purely social interest—began with the first of the "Administration dances" on Monday

evening and came to a close, so far as entertaining of a general nature was concerned, with the ball at the Willard on Friday night for the benefit of the Children's Country Home. The committee had hoped that the President and Mrs. Wilson might be persuaded to look in for a few moments, but the press of business connected with the closing days of Congress made this impossible for the President; and Mrs. Wilson never goes anywhere in the evening—and seldom at any time—without him. One of her first acts on reaching Washington, however, was to send a graceful note expressing her willingness to act as patroness for the ball and her best wishes for its success. Both Mrs. Wilson and her mother, Mrs. Bolling, take a deep interest in the home.

This week, Wednesday seems to have been society's busy day. It is always "Cabinet day" and, although there are some of the Cabinet women who don't observe it, and who say they don't intend to, the general disposition seems to be to fall back into the old routine established before the war. Mrs. Glass receives on Wednesday; so does Mrs. Baker, and usually, Mrs. Daniels, although she happened not to last Wednesday. Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Houston are still rebelling against "the system." Small blame to them! And poor Mrs. Lane has been shut up in the house for the last week, anyhow, with a shocking cold.

Mrs. Gregory, whose husband will resign the portfolio of the Department of Justice to A. Mitchell Palmer on March 4, had her final farewell official at home on Wednesday, with Washington turning out to do her honor. And it was Lillian Birney's wedding day, as well as the day of

the first two performances, matinee and evening, of the entertainment at Mr. and Mrs. Thomas T. Gaff's for the British-American War Relief, which proved to be a most entertaining entertainment.

Finkensadt-Birney Wedding Followed by Reception.

Miss Birney and Capt. Edward R. Finkensadt, of Cleveland, arranged their wedding with real consideration. The ceremony, to which only a few family and intimate friends—were asked, was set for 4:15 in All Saints' Chapel, Chevy Chase, and the reception, to which almost everybody was asked and quite everybody came, was at the house at 5 o'clock—the house being the Harold Walker's, with whom, since Mrs. Walker is sister, the bride has made her home.

The little chapel was fairly smothered in Easter lilies, smilax, and ferns, and even if the company invited to it was small, the service was carried out with due pomp and ceremony. The bride, who is looking prettier than I ever saw her—and that's amazingly pretty—had on the loveliest wedding gown I've seen this year, simple to a degree, but fashioned of the richest ivory satin brocaded in creamy velvet flowers; and all veiled in the mist of a voluminous tulle veil bandied with wonderful old point lace.

Mrs. Walker at Her Best.

In lovely gown, Mrs. Walker, who was matron of honor, looked her loveliest in a Lucille gown of periwinkle blue chiffon, while Elaine English and little Evelyn Walker—but, there, if I get started on the subject of clothes I'll never tell the tale of all that has been happening this week. The wedding reception was an exceedingly merry party from the time the first guests arrived until the favored few, who remained for an informal wedding supper, showered the bride and bridegroom with rice and started them off on their wedding journey. And afterward Mr. and Mrs. Walker took the bridal party and several out-of-town guests, twelve in all, to the British benefit.

The one touch of pathos about the wedding came from the bride's grandmother, Mrs. McLellan, of Atlanta, who could not keep from bewailing the fact that Catherine could not be there—Catherine being the bride's sister, who was married in December, 1916, to young Baron von Schoen, of the German embassy, and is now with him in Mexico.

On Thursday there was another interesting wedding, the marriage of Dorothy Whitridge, daughter of Dr. Roland Barker Whitridge, and Myrtis T. Raymond, of Albany, sometime a lieutenant in the navy. Only a few close friends had opportunity to witness the pretty ceremony, however, as the Whitridges are in deep mourning. Little Mrs. Raymond would have been a bud and a bride the same season, but the death of her mother prevented her taking any part in society.

Theatricals at Mrs. Gaff's.

Notable Entertainment.

And now I must tell you about the theatricals at Mrs. Gaff's, quite the most notable thing in this line that has been done in Washington in several seasons and probably the last benefit to be given for the British-American War Relief Fund, as the work is now almost done. After having attended numerous entertainments given for the fund, Washington has learned to expect something original and brilliant. For this, much of the credit must go to the committee, of which Miss Helen Ernst

singer's fortune on the comic opera stage. When it came to "Floating Down a Moonlight Stream," described as a "serious song," the effect wasn't quite so good, but the ditty served very pleasantly to string together the various dances and diversions of the last part of the program, in which the debutantes took part.

Louisa Hoar danced with much grace and charm; so did Virginia Eckles, and Elizabeth Grinnell's Spanish dance was given a most enthusiastic reception. Courtney Letts and Brooke Russell put on a most amusing pantomime sketch; Jane Story did a clever bit as a cold, proud disdainful beauty; Eleanor Johnston "spoke a piece"—with a kick in the end—and Margaret Harding sang a funny little verse in a voice that was a bit reminiscent of conscience, with the talented Mr. Grieg to back her up.

The more formal part of the program, Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look," with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Knox Bell, May Ladenburg, and Dr. George Draper in the cast, was given in a most finished manner, and the actors displayed a real understanding of their roles. But, after all, the jolliest part of the whole show was "Pierrot's Concert Party," the first act on the program, in which the cast spent most of its time poking fun at itself.

Frances Hoar, who has been highly successful in private theatricals both here and in Boston, won new laurels, and, with Capt. Ray Glen, of the British embassy, as her partner, put on a dance that was graceful in the extreme. Katherine Foss, who has a "delightful voice," Valentine Mitchell, Dr. George Draper, Mrs. Knyvet, widow of the soldier hero, who wrote so thrillingly of the Australians in the Gallipoli campaign, and Sidney Breeze, all were droll and amusing in a clever skit, which gained in effectiveness from its setting among the chimney pots, with bold black cats silhouetted against the sky.

The decorations and costumes were designed by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Musgrave, of the British embassy. Leslie Holt put on the dances and Myer Davis' orchestra provided the incidental music. Mrs. John Carroll (Inez Gill Carroll) was at the piano during the concert party, and the nimbleness with which she followed the foolishness of the actors added amazingly to the effectiveness of the act.

Beatrix de Buisseret An Elfin Thing.

I must say just a word in passing about the "Spirit of the Performance," little Beatrix de Buisseret,

who drifted through the entertainment like an elfin thing and won the hearts of the audience. There was a touch of pathos in her taking part in this benefit for the sufferers from the war, for her own mother, Countess de Buisseret, who was formerly Caroline Stow, was one of the first victims of the German invasion of Belgium. She died in a hospital, largely from neglect and lack of care, and her husband, who was then Belgian minister to Russia, was unable to reach her.

Beatrix's small brother was in the audience to see his sister play, accompanied by their grandmother, Mrs. John F. Story, with whom the children now make their home. This was at the matinee performance on Wednesday afternoon.

Others noted on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leiter, who had their two boys with them; Mrs. Perry Belmont, who was accompanied by Mrs. Simon; Mrs. Grouitch, Mrs. John R. Williams, Mrs. John Ballantine Pitney, Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Frederick H. Omett, Mrs. William Bell Watkins, and her sister, Virginia Mackay-Smith, Caroline Nash, Mrs. Victor Kauffmann, Mrs. Alexander Bentley, Alexandra Fitch, Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, Mrs. Horace Seymour, Mrs. John P. Jackson, Mrs. Thomas Taft, Senator Blair Lee and Mrs. Brooke Lee.

Brilliant Audience at Evening Performance.

The audience was even more brilliant for the first evening performance. Secretary of the Interior Lane, was there—Mrs. Lane was indisposed—and the Acting Secretary of State and Mrs. Frank Polk and Lady Willert, all of whom came on with Mrs. Frederick Keep after having dined with her. Mrs. Marshall Field also brought on the members of her dinner party; and the Harold Walkers were hosts to the members of Miss Birney's bridal party.

Justice and Mrs. Holmes were in the audience, also Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, Mrs. John Dwight, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Eldred Campbell, who looked perfectly lovely—and Lieut. Lawrence Hopkins, son of Col. and Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, just back from overseas and bearing his

He Try and He Got Away With It.

Fortunately he did try, and got away with it in great style, his "Jones of the Lancers" being done in a fashion which would make the

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RS. WILLIAM P. POLLOCK,

Wife of the new Senator from South Carolina.

MME. GEORGE BAKHMETEFF,

Wife of the former Imperial Russian ambassador.

FRANCIS HOAR,

Wife of the former Imperial Russian ambassador.

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Fancies, Fads, And Foibles of Capital Society

blushing honors, including the was cross, thick upon him.

Also I saw Robert Spear Hudson and Mrs. Hudson (Hannah Randolph of Philadelphia), the most recent of the several brides of the British embassy, who was a perfect picture in a black velvet gown, with lovely pearls and diamonds. Mr. Hudson was one of the ushers, I believe—but much as I'd like to, I really can't get on to tell you about the ushers and the scene shifters—social register stuff—and the list of pretty girls selling programs, all of whom contributed to the success of the entertainment.

Entertaining in Washington is frequently either by way of welcome or farewell, and it is one may be permitted to paraphrase a bit. At present we are busy welcoming the President and Mrs. Wilson and making much of the British Ambassador and Lady Reading. Also there are several recent arrivals in the Diplomatic Corps for whom entertaining is still in order.

However, with the adjournment of Congress in the offing and the completion of the incoming Congress greatly changed, society is primarily engaged in speeding the parting guest. The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall are leaving town as soon as they can, and will be away until an extra session or some other official business compels their return, so the numerous dinners which "have been given in their honor in the last few weeks have had rather the status of farewell parties. They expect to leave as soon as possible and to be away as long as possible," and will spend most of their vacation with

(Continued on Page 15.)

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J. C. Smith's Orchestra, 65482	12 inch	\$1.35
Till We Meet Again—Waltz	10 inch	\$1.00
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18531	10 inch	\$1.00
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I Found the End of the Rainbow	10 inch	\$1.00
18532	10 inch	\$1.00
I'm Waiting for You, Liza Jane	10 inch	\$1.00
Mummy Mine, 18525	10 inch	\$1.00
Dear Little Boy of Mine, 45161	10 inch	\$1.00
There's Somebody Waiting for Me	12 inch	\$1.25
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